

# The Rutherford Star.

VOL. III.

RUTHERFORDTON, N. C. THURSDAY, APRIL 8, 1869.

NO. 11.

## Rutherford Star.

Published every Thursday by  
CARPENTER & LOGAN,  
RUTHERFORDTON, N. C.

**Rates of Subscription:**  
One Copy, 1 year, .....\$2.00  
" " 6 months, .....1.00  
" " 3 months, .....75  
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## POETRY.

### LOVE NEVER DIES.

BY FANNIE WILKWOOD.

'Tis said that absence conquers love;  
But, oh! believe it not:  
Ever within the mind there dwells  
For memory, one blest spot.

When watered by the dew of love,  
Distilled from human hearts,  
It cast a halo round the soul,  
Which never will depart.

'Tis said that absence conquers love;  
But 'tis a sad mistake.  
It may woo slumber for awhile,  
Refreshed to awake.

For love, if worthy of the name,  
Is never dead;  
And when the earthly sphere it leaves,  
'Tis found beyond the skies.

### PASSING AWAY.

Though the circles of pleasure seem happy and bright,  
And nature looks smiling and gay;  
Yet oft to the heart amid scenes of delight,  
Come tokens of passing away.

Ah, yes! 'tis a fact ever mournfully true,  
Though pleasure and folly deny;  
Those scenes that are brightest and dearest to view  
Are quickest to vanish and die.

You may wander the earth on thro' her sunniest  
vales,  
Where youth blooms in beauty always,  
Yet there, on the wings of the balmy gales,  
Are wafted the seeds of decay.

Go search for the rose, dyed with crimson and red,  
That yesterday bloomed 'neath the hill  
Its leaflets are scattered—its beauty is fled—  
Its breath only lingers there still.

Go view the stout oak, where branches are spread  
In the depths of the forest away,  
The leaves of its crown are withered and dead,  
He must yield to the breath of decay.

Go visit the lowly where poverty dwells,  
Where sorrow and wretchedness stay—  
Ah! and is the story the broken heart tells  
Of hopes that have withered away.

In the fondly loved home where affections bright  
shine,  
Like a rainbow encircles the hearth;  
The sorrowing heart and the ties that bind,  
Till of grief that have faded from earth.

Ye are passing away—it is thundered around,  
By the voice of the earthquake's roar,  
And ocean re-echoes the sorrowful sound,  
Till it vibrates from island to shore.

And oft the wild winds as they sweep o'er the  
plains,  
Where empires and kings he forgot;  
Repeating their story in sad wailing strains,  
Will whisper "they were, but are not."

Thus Nature, and Reason, and Time will reply  
That earth with its joys must decay,  
That heaven alone, in those mansions on high,  
Glad pleasures that pass not away.

### THREE CALICO GOWNS.

Although it may be a very "pleasant  
thing to see one's own name in print," it  
is not allowable to print names, especially  
when writing out a true story. For this  
reason we shall have recourse to fictitious  
addresses, and introduce our young lady  
acquaintance as Miss Clara Clinton, and  
her father as Judge Clinton, of Clintonville.

They—that is the people—called the  
Judge the oddest man that ever lived. If  
oddity consists in having a way of his  
own, Judge Clinton was a very odd man.

He would insist upon living in a little  
brown, old-fashioned house, without car-  
pets upon the floors; and what was more  
vexatious, he would not allow a sofa or  
lounger or rocking-chair inside the four  
brown walls. As he had an idea that the  
whole country was going to rack and ruin,  
because the men wore broadcloth, and  
the women wore silks, he declared he  
would wear homespun as long as he lived  
and his women folks should be restricted  
to calico.

As we have nothing to do with Mrs.  
Judge Clinton, we shall not allude to the  
hearty vexation with which she carried  
out the whimsical old judge's domestic re-  
lations. As she could do nothing wiser  
than to gulp down her chagrin, she did  
gulp it down, and, woman-like, pretended  
to believe, with her husband, that they  
could reform the world by making them-  
selves conspicuously mean and uncom-  
fortable.

Judge Clinton was still in indigo-color-  
ed homespun, and Mrs. Judge Clinton in  
nine-penny calico, when Miss Clara Clin-  
ton, having reached the age of eighteen,  
and having a will of her own, [which her  
mother was careful to tell every body the  
child inherited from her father,] announ-  
ced her desire and determination to go to  
a boarding school.

The Judge himself had been a poor  
boy, self-educated through his own exer-  
tions. He was a proof of his humble  
birth and the difficulties he had overcome  
at Brumderly. He had read Virgil by the  
aid of a penny candle, and solved the prob-  
lems of Euclid by moonlight. He re-  
spected but one desire in the world, and  
that was a thirst for knowledge. So when  
Miss Clara protested that she must, and  
could, and would go to a boarding school,  
Judge Clinton acquiesced and expressed  
himself ready to "cash over."

No sooner was this interesting subject  
broached, however, than, to Miss Clara's  
surprise, her father selected the most ex-  
pensive, thorough, and aristocratic insti-  
tution in the country, paid the yearly ex-  
penses in advance, and sent her at once  
to complete her education, with twenty-  
five cents for spending money, and three  
calico gowns for her wardrobe.

It was bad enough, Miss Clara said  
sobbing all the while as if her beautiful  
eyes had really been liquid fountains, to  
be obliged to dress in calico; but to have  
three calico gowns all alike, from the self-  
same piece, so that her companions would  
think she had but one—that was "the  
hardest to bear of all."

But the old Judge was incorrigible.—  
He had saved two shillings and sixpence  
by having them all alike, and he was sat-  
isfied, if his daughter was not.

It was a bright clear May morning  
when Miss Clara bade adieu to the ugly  
brown homestead, and her mother who  
wiped her tears on her calico apron, and  
the sheep that bore the fleeces from which  
her father's home spun was made. She  
loved everything about the dun dwelling,  
now that she looked back upon it from  
the coach window. But soon the novelty  
of her condition overcame her grief, and  
she forgot all pretty vexations in the new  
scenes and strange people around her.

Very weary and travel soiled, she alight-  
ed at the end of her journey, and was  
shown into the reception room, where  
were seated several stylish young ladies  
evidently newly arrived pupils like her-  
self.

There was Miss June with her exqui-  
sitely fitting gray traveling dress, who  
looked her over with a quizzical look in her dark  
eye; and Miss Clara felt sure that the  
peculiar smile that fingered upon her  
sarcasitic lips owed its existence to the  
fact that she wore "calico."

Blushing to her very temples, poor  
Clara looked away, only to encounter the  
gaze of Miss Gay, who, reclining upon the  
sofa in the most faultless attire, seem-  
ed absorbed in studying the pattern of the  
print.

Miss Gay and Miss June exchanged  
glances and smiles. Tears welled up  
from Clara's full heart, but she was too  
proud to wipe them away; one fell, then  
another, when a soft voice said:

"You are very tired, I am sure; so are  
we all; but we shall be attended to soon."  
Clara looked her thanks to the gentle  
speaker—a girl very plainly dressed, and  
of a sweet winsome countenance, who,  
bringing her chair nearer, asked her some  
trivial questions, and related some amus-  
ing experience of her own in reaching the  
institution.

Clara felt more at ease, and, being natu-  
rally vivacious and intelligent, soon made  
friends with the kind stranger, who invited  
her to become her room mate.

The school term soon commenced, and  
there was little time for Clara to think of  
her homely garments. But when Sunday  
came round, and she took another calico  
dress from her wardrobe, exactly like the  
one she had worn all the week, her room  
mate said:

Miss Clinton, I beg your pardon but  
wouldn't something else do better to-day?  
The young ladies usually dress a good  
deal here, especially the first Sabbath of  
appearing, and I am afraid you will not  
find it pleasant to be so plainly attired."

Clara blushed, but she was a brave-  
hearted girl, and had the good sense to  
know that deception could avail nothing.  
So she said frankly:

"The truth is, I have but three dresses  
in the world, and those are exactly alike!"

Miss Pleasant looked at her a moment  
as if she thought she must be quizzing,  
but, perceiving the blushes and confusion  
of her room mate, burst out laughing!

"Why, Clara! It is so comical! You  
must excuse me, dear, if I do laugh a lit-  
tle. How does it happen you dress so  
plainly?"

"Well, my father is very odd in some  
things, and it is his will that we shall all  
dress in print."

Miss Pleasant went to the closet, and,  
shaking out a plain but very presentable  
black silk, said:

"Please wear this, dear Clara. Don't  
think but I shall love you just as well in  
calico, but many of the girls won't and  
you are so sensitive you will be wounded  
I can well do without this dress the whole  
term, and no one will know but it is  
yours."

Clara hesitated. She had always de-  
sired a silk dress. She had been thinking  
all the morning of the ridicule of her  
school mates. Should she accept this of-  
fered kindness? Or would it be better  
to wear her own clothes and appear as

she really was?  
She did not hesitate long; but putting  
her arms around Miss Pleasant's neck,  
kissed her with trembling lips, then said  
in a quiet, firm way:

"Thank you, thank you a thousand  
times. It does not seem best. My father  
would not approve it, nor do I. If you  
love me, that is enough."

Miss Pleasant patted Clara's cheek  
gently, murmuring:

"You are right, Clara, and you are  
handsome in your calico than the richest  
of them in all their silks and finery."

Nothing more was said. The two girls  
went down to the assembly room when  
the bell rang, and found the people stand-  
ing in groups, waiting the appearance of  
the assistant teacher to lead them to church.

"Look, will you?" whispered Miss Gay  
to the Miss next to her, "if that girl isn't  
going to church in that old calico?"

Miss Pleasant frowned; but Clara smile-  
d. She had conquered her pride that  
morning on her knees; she had resolved  
not to be made unhappy by what she could  
not help.

The assistant entered the same room  
with a rustle and a trail befitting her sta-  
tion. She looked the young ladies over  
with a sweeping glance, and peremptorily  
ordered Miss Clara Clinton to her room.

Miss Pleasant whispered a word in that  
lady's ear; Miss Clara was recalled, and  
the procession fell into line. It was very  
vexatious that all the gentlemen these  
young ladies passed, seemed to look only  
at the calico dress. It was so very odd  
to see a young lady going to church in  
print. From the dress they looked into  
the face; such a pretty face as it was too,  
so bright, all thinking of the oddity of the  
attire, and wondering who the young lady  
could be.

It was not long before Clara became  
known as the young lady in calico. Old  
Mr. Vennet, the wealthiest and most in-  
fluential gentleman of the town, having  
had his attention directed to her peculiar  
dress, made the discovery that her father  
had been a dear and intimate friend in  
college. He was self-made himself, and  
he and Judge Clinton had walked hand  
in glove in the thorny ways of poverty.

Mr. Vennet at the first opportunity,  
sent a carriage to bring Miss Clara to dine  
with his family, and told her many stories  
of which Judge Clinton was the hero, and  
was evidently very proud of his pretty  
daughter.

Afterward, he from time to time sent  
bouquets from his rare exotics, and such  
abundance of fruit, besides taking her to  
ride occasionally with his family, that the  
young ladies of the institute were almost  
in a state of envy. Finally, as if to drive  
the young ladies to distraction, the Ven-  
nets gave a party to which the most in-  
fluential and wealthiest families of the  
county were alone invited. Even the  
principal of the institute was overlooked.

To this reception Miss Clara was borne  
in her calico dress by liveried servants.  
Old Mr. Lingard was so proud of her  
pluck, and delighted that she did not ap-  
pear in tulle and silks, that he devoted  
himself to her much of the evening, in-  
troducing her to his friends with many flat-  
tering expressions of admiration. She  
was finally taken to supper by young Mr.  
Vennet, who evidently thought more of  
cheerful, sensible conversation, than of all  
the satins, laces, pearls, and diamonds in  
the drawing room.

As might be expected, Miss Clinton  
from that evening was quite a belle. No  
one could slight a young lady to whom  
the Vennets had been so attentive. Be-  
sides there was something quite novel in  
having a beautiful young creature from  
the country who had a rich father, and  
wore calico because she was not poor!

The young ladies petted her because they  
had nothing to be jealous of; the old la-  
dies patronized her as an example for  
their daughters; the young men respected  
her for her pretty ways, independence of  
character, and ready wit; and the old  
men put their thumbs into the arms of  
their vests, and gravely announced that  
"she was quite an original and exemplary  
young lady, and they wished there were  
more like her."

Indeed, the only trouble  
was that Judge Clinton's calico dresses  
didn't prove his daughter's ruin.

The long school session was to close  
with a public examination, upon which  
occasion all the young ladies were required  
to wear white, with satin sashes, and a  
rosette upon the left shoulder. The prin-  
cipal had an eye to affect, and she would  
admit nothing that disturbed harmony.

Miss Clinton's calico gown was vetoed  
at once. "It would do very well, per-  
haps, for Mr. Vennet's party, but it was

not proper for an examination!" So  
Judge Clinton received a very polite note  
from that formidable lady, requesting him  
in frigid and unmistakable terms "to al-  
low his daughter white mull."

If the principal had designed to make  
Judge Clinton the happiest of men, which  
she didn't, and to render it forever out of  
Miss Clara's power to wear white mull,  
she could not more effectually have ac-  
complished her purpose than in writing  
him this note.

Judge Clinton, of Clintonville, declared  
that he was not to be dictated to by any  
woman—not he; and precisely because it  
would oblige her to have Clara dressed in  
white, it would disoblige him to do so.—  
His rather in polite reply was: "He sent  
his daughter to school to study books, not  
dress. If she wanted his daughter to wear  
white, she was at liberty to provide that  
garment for her. For his part, he did  
not know what right teachers had to de-  
cide what color of goods their pupils  
should wear. If she was not willing his  
daughter should appear in print, she was  
at liberty to say so and he would remove  
her at once from the school."

The principal, as may be supposed, was  
as indignant as a principal could well be.  
But what would the Vennets say, and  
the wealthy persons whom they would in-  
fluence, if Miss Clara was banished for wear-  
ing dress they had condescended to hon-  
or?

Besides Clara was the best writer, the  
best singer, the best dialogue maker of  
the whole school. She was necessary to  
the brilliancy of the anniversary.

The principal decided to adopt the  
judge's suggestion, and provide the outfit  
at her own expense. But no sooner was  
this decided upon, than the judge wrote  
by express, protesting that his daughter  
should not wear white at all, and that he  
was coming in person to see that she didn't  
violate his command.

The result of it was, the judge carried  
his point, and Clara was the odd bird in  
the whole flock of white pigeons.

Among all the queens of the Swiss and  
mull, the rustic belle was the observed of  
observers. She was really the handsom-  
est, merriest, and most sparkling creature in  
the room.

And what was sadly provoking to the  
principal, there sat Judge Clinton, in his  
suit of homespun, by the side of old Mr.  
Vennet, upon the platform, availing him-  
self of every opportunity to tell the whole  
story connected with the calico garment,  
and turning the confused teacher to ridi-  
cule.

At last it came to the distribution of  
prizes, and that for exemplary conduct and  
correct recitations was awarded to Miss  
Clara Clinton.

If Judge Clinton did not make a speech  
on that occasion, it was because Mr. Ven-  
net did. As the address was fully report-  
ed at the time of its delivery, we will not  
report it here, but simply refer to that  
part of it which relates to our heroine:

"I am happy," said Mr. Vennet, "that  
this prize has fallen to the daughter of my  
friend, Judge Clinton, of Clintonville.—  
She is a worthy daughter of a worthy  
father. She may well be proud to have re-  
ceived this token of her teacher's approbation,  
for she won it under peculiar and trying  
circumstances. Young ladies, do not  
forget that though you are beautiful when  
adorned, you are more attractive, more  
intellectual, more self-reliant while you  
remain satisfied with what Providence has  
placed at your disposal."

**Stay Law Decided Unconstitutional.**  
We learn the constitutionality of the new  
stay law entitled "an act suspending the  
Code of Civil Procedure in certain cases,"  
ratified the 23d day of March, 1869, was  
brought before the Superior Court of Cra-  
ven county last week. Upon the ground  
that if the Legislature could postpone case,  
one term it could postpone them indefinitely.  
His Honor Judge Thomas decided that the  
second proviso of section 7 of said act was  
unconstitutional. The proviso reads as fol-  
lows:

"Provided further, That issues of law or  
fact which have been joined in pursuance of  
laws and ordinances heretofore passed and  
known as 'stay laws' shall be considered as  
having been legally joined, and all such  
actions shall be placed upon the calendar  
dockets of Spring term, 1869, by the Clerks  
of Superior Courts, and the pleadings there-  
in shall be made up and issues joined at such  
time as provided in this act, unless in any  
county time of said term shall have passed,  
in which such case of action shall be placed  
upon the trial docket of Fall term, 1869."

This affects a large class of cases, now  
before the Superior Courts of the State, and  
if the other Judges adopt that view, many  
judgments will be obtained which the  
framers of the act intended to postpone for the  
relief of the debtor.

## AN INTERESTING LETTER.

A Letter Heretofore Unpublished  
Written by Benjamin Franklin.

The Chicago Evening Journal says it is  
indebted to C. B. Nelson, Esq., of that city,  
for the privilege of presenting the following  
beautiful and characteristic memorial of Dr.  
Franklin to its readers:

FROM DR. FRANKLIN TO MISS E. HUBBARD.  
Philadelphia, Feb. 12, 1756.

DEAR CHILD: I console you, you  
have had a most dear and valuable relation;  
but it is the will of God and Nature that  
these mortal bodies be laid aside when the  
soul is to enter into real life. Existing here  
on earth is scarcely to be called life. 'Tis  
rather an embryo state—a preparation to  
living—and man is not completely born un-  
til he is dead. Why, then, should we grieve  
that a new child is born among the immor-  
tals—a member is added to their society?—  
We are spirits. That bodies should be lent  
to us while they can afford us pleasure, as-  
sist us in acquiring knowledge, or doing  
good to our fellow creatures, is a kind and  
benevolent act of God. When they become  
useful for their purposes, and afford us pain  
instead of pleasure, instead of an aid be-  
coming an incumbrance, and answer none to  
the intentions for which they were given, it  
is equally kind and benevolent that a way is  
provided by which we may get rid of them.  
That way is death. We ourselves proben-  
ly, in some cases, choose a partial death. A  
mangled, painful limb, which cannot be re-  
stored, we willingly cut off. He that plucks  
out a tooth with it truly, since the pain goes  
with it; and he that quits the whole  
body parts with all pains and possibility of  
pains and diseases it was able to or capable  
of making him suffer. Our friend and we  
are invited abroad on a party of pleasure  
that is to last forever. His chair was first  
ready, and he has gone before us. We  
could not conveniently all start together;  
and why should you and I be grieved at this  
since we are soon to follow, and we know  
where to find him?

Alten, my dear, good child, and believe  
that I shall be, in every state, your affec-  
tionate papa.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

\*According to sedan chairs, then in fashionable use.

**INFLUENCE OF NEWSPAPERS.**—A school-  
teacher, who has been engaged for a long  
time in his profession, and witnessed the  
influence of a newspaper upon the minds  
of a family of children, says:

I have found it to be a universal fact,  
without exception, that those scholars of  
both sexes, and of all ages, who have ac-  
cess to newspapers at home, when com-  
pared with those who have not, are:

1. Better readers, excellent in pro-  
nunciation, and consequently read more  
understandingly.

2. They are better spellers and define  
understandingly.

They obtain practical knowledge of the  
geography in almost half the time it re-  
quires of others, as the newspaper has  
made them acquainted with the location  
of the important places of nations, their  
government and doings on the globe.

4. They are better grammarians; for  
having become so familiar with every va-  
riety of style in the newspapers, from the  
common-place advertisements to the fin-  
ished and classical oration of the states-  
man, they more rapidly comprehend the  
meaning of the text, and constantly ana-  
lyze its construction with accuracy.

5. They write better compositions, us-  
ing better language, containing more  
thoughts more clearly and more connect-  
edly expressed.

Those young men who have for years  
been readers of the newspapers are always  
taking the lead in debating societies, ex-  
hibiting a more extensive knowledge up-  
on a greater variety of subjects, and ex-  
pressing their views with greater fluency,  
clearness, and correctness in the use of  
language.

**SAN FRANCISCO.**—The growth of this  
important city on the Pacific coast has  
been one of the most wonderful even  
among the rapid changes to be witnessed  
in the United States. In 1860 the val-  
uation of property for purposes of taxation  
was \$21,211,214, and 1868 it had  
risen to \$121,390,826. A comparison  
between the condition of San Francisco  
in 1860 and 1868 has recently been pub-  
lished, from which it appears that the  
statistics of 1860 were as follows: Popu-  
lation, 36,802; number of houses, 10,  
123, principally wood, poorly built, and  
of small size: usual cost of school de-  
partment, \$496,409; number of pupils  
enrolled, 6,109; percentage of attendance  
83; daily average attendance, 2,837.

In 1868, the population was 147,959  
number of houses, 18,000; annual cost  
of school department, \$378,392; num-  
ber of pupils enrolled, 17,426; per centage  
of attendance, 93.35; daily average atten-  
dances, 17,426. During 1868 the value  
of the improvements made has been es-  
timated at \$10,000,000, exclusive of  
\$1,500,000 expended on the streets.

**GREEN CROPS FOR HORSES AND  
COWS.**—The farmer whose pas-  
tures are so luxuriant that his  
cattle and horses find abundant  
feed from May to November in  
the open fields, may possibly dis-  
pense with green crops for fod-  
der, but not so with the majority.  
During the hot days of summer  
the grass dries up, and their beasts  
suffer for nutritious food, unless  
they have provided a supply of  
sowed corn, oats, millet, or lucerne,  
which can be cut daily and  
fed to them in the stables. Milch  
cows which are fed abundantly  
with this food will almost invari-  
ably net their owners one-third  
more money during the season  
than they would if forced to de-  
pend on pasture alone; and horses,  
too when, similarly fed, will  
grow fat and sleek in a surpris-  
ingly short space of time. Last  
summer we took a large horse  
that had been running idly in  
the pasture, and loosing flesh daily  
—stabled and fed him with  
green sweet corn, and in two  
or three weeks he became "as  
fat as butter," and might have  
been sold for \$100 more than he  
would have brought when taken  
from the pasture.

We have generally sown sug-  
ar corn in drills for a soiling  
crop; it makes excellent feed, and  
although it yields less in quantity,  
it is more nutritious than common  
white or yellow corn fodder.

The Southern white corn, how-  
ever, is greatly prized as a green  
crop by many farmers, and is used  
almost exclusively in many parts  
of the State for that purpose.

Many of our readers report very  
favorably in regard to millet;  
a few have tried lucerne, and like  
it; others use oats and Canada  
peas mixed, for soiling cattle.  
All grow well on proper soil,  
and we again remind our readers  
that it is wise to sow at least one  
of these crops for summer fodder.

**BOILED PEAS FOR MILCH COWS AND  
HOGS.**—Boiled peas, says a cor-  
respondent of the Richmond (Va)  
Farmer, as food for milch cows, is  
far superior to anything else I  
have seen tried. My honest op-  
inion is, that two bushels of peas  
are worth more to fatten hogs, or  
to increase the milk of cows, than  
three bushels of corn applied to  
the same objects. In experi-  
menting, I have found that hogs  
not only fatten doubly as fast,  
but the improvement of their  
general condition was in like pro-  
portion. With respect to cows,  
he says the effect was in ten days  
to double the yield of milk. My  
plan in using them was to soak  
them in water twelve hours, or  
through the night, before boiling  
them. By this process their  
weight was doubled and conse-  
quently they required less boiling.

Besides this, I found the soaked  
pea to be an excellent substit-  
ute for green food, having not  
only the effect on stock produced  
by turnips, carrots, and beets, in  
improving their appetite, general  
appearance, and milking prop-  
erties, but imparts none of the bad  
taste to the milk which is so  
often derive from the use of the  
green crops referred to. It was,  
moreover, found to exhibit fatten-  
ing qualities almost equal to the  
boiled pea. He concluded by  
saying he regards the soaked peas  
for food in winter as decidedly su-  
perior to all root crops, and re-  
commends that











